

SEMI-WEEKLY

Bandon Recorder

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ALASKA

Concerning the new Government Railway project in Alaska, the May 1915 number of the review among other interesting facts concerning that wonderful country says:

"The new country that will be tributary to the Government railroads between the coast and the Yukon and along the connecting navigable rivers in Alaska is larger than the populated portions of Norway and Sweden, Finland and Denmark combined. Those four countries have 12,000,000 population and 14,000,000 head of livestock. They produce annually such crops worth \$250,000,000, Alaska's climatic conditions and theirs are identical. The areas of Alaska's tillable land is twice the area of theirs. Alaska has in addition storehouses of mineral wealth unsurpassed in the world, which those four countries have not.

By comparison, Alaska should and some day probably will support 20,000,000 red-blooded Americans as easily as the four small countries of North-West Europe support 12,000,000 population, and will carry on a commerce with the rest of the United States amounting in time to many hundreds of millions a year.

As Secretary Seward's fame has come to rest mainly upon his negotiating the purchase of Alaska from Russia, so as time passes the outstanding feature of the Wilson administration will be the building of this system of Government-owned railroads to open and populate Alaska.

PRISON IN GERMANY

Ex-U. S. Senator Albert Beveridge of India has become war correspondent. In the May 1915 Review of reviews is a long account of his visit among the prisoners held by the Germany and the following is an excerpt from his letter, wherein he tells of a visit to a camp of singing French prisoners:

"At least 200 French soldiers are arranged in a semi-circle, like a horse shoe magnet. At one point are grouped the basses; at another the tenors; at another the baritones, each man holds in his hands a sheet of paper, on which are written notes. All are singing.

In the center of the human tuning fork, stands a tall slender French soldier, cap head, his long blue military overcoat draping his figure almost to the floor.

He is conducting the chorus, baton rising, falling, curving, his figure swaying in time with the harmony.

So intent are the members of this prisoner-chorus on their singing that they are not conscious that the commander and several officers have entered. Their soul is in their voices. It is a song quarried from the very depths of their beings. They have written it themselves, there in prison camp, in the heart of Germany; they have composed the music for themselves, every note of it; words and music are alive, throbbing, passionate tender, exalted. You are deeply touched, you feel as if in a holy presence. The German commander removes his cap. You do likewise.

The song of France and home loved ones dies tremblingly away. For a moment there is silence, absolute, unbroken, profound. Then a tenor voice begins a solo, rich mellow, highly trained, the voice is full of fire, pathos and infinite emotion. And the accompaniment! The first impression on your now elevated senses is that a great orchestra is hidden near at hand but no, it is a miracle more extraordinary. The superb tenor is accompanied by human orchestration. Those hundreds of French soldiers are humming, their mingled tones producing the effect of scores of pieces playing in harmony.

Never before and never again in your life shall you hear the like of this vocal marvel. It ceases. Silence again. Then: "Best congratulations!" It is the German commander speaking. From the back ground where we stood listening, he has walked forward, and is warmly shaking the soloists' hands, as he praises his singing. "Best Congratulations!" He exclaims again, in French, as he grasps the hand of the conductor. And "Best Congratulations!" A once more as first right then had left, he bows to the chorus.

Merci, monsieur! The conductor, and "Merci, monsieur" the pleased tenor and "Merci" the men. But all of them with dignity. The whole scene was very, very fine.

No patronage on the part of the German commander, no truckling by his French charges, but mutual respect, and self respect on both sides. The chorus conductor and tenor were professors of Music in Paris."

A MATTER OF FACTS

The Marshfield Record calls attention to a purported fact that present conditions are parallel to the conditions existing in 1893. We deny the allegation and desire to restate the facts by saying that in 1893 the financial stream was from, not to the United States, that there was a great scarcity of money in this country, that prices were low and as a matter of fact Congress was Republican.

Now, on the other hand, the financial stream is to the United States, and the country is full of hoarded wealth. Wheat, beef and all staples are at top notch prices, and congress as well as the executive is democratic. Only the war scare withholds the vast funds from being turned loose into trade channels. Does the Record want the reading public to credit the occurrence of war to the democratic administration? The present depression never became acute until the breaking out of the war and the depression existing prior to the war

by the way was a continuance of general conditions existing from a would-be-to-be-forgotten little panic which happened a long time ago, way back in the year 1907.

THE EDITOR

Consider the editor. He weareth purple and fine linen. His abode is amongst the mansions of the rich. His wife hath her limousine and his first born sporteth a racing car that can hit her up at a forty flat.

Lo! All of the people breaketh their necks to hand him money. A child is born unto the merchant in the bazaar. The physician getteth twentyfive golden pinks. The editor writeth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tippeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea he lieth even as a centurion. And the proud father giveth him a cremo.

Behold the young one groweth up and graduateth. And the editor putteth into his paper a swell notice. Yea a peach of a notice. He telleth of the wisdom of the young woman and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the Roses of Sharon is she and her gown is played up to beat the band. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men, and the editor getteth a note of thanks from the S. G. G.

The daughter goeth on a journey. And the editor throweth himself into the story of a farewell party. It runneth a column, solid. And the fair one remembereth him from afar with a picture post card that costeth six for a jitney.

Behold she returneth and the youth of the city fall down and worship. She picketh one and lo, she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of the most promising young men and getteth away with it. And they send unto him a bid to the wedding feast and low the bids are fashioned by Muntgumery and Hawback, in a far city.

Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth the minister getteth ten bones. The groom standeth the editor off on a twelve month's subscription.

All flesh is grass and in time the wife is gathered into the silo. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head and the darned thing readeth "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place"

And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding great jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and cancelleth their subscriptions and they swing the hammer unto the third and fourth generations.

Canst thou beat it?

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

It is only after the captains and the kings have departed and the shouting and the tumult have left only an echo in the dim distance that we may have acquired a calmness to consider this European conflict and to succeed in a small way in understanding what it is all about.

It has given this generation a nearer view of that war which so many are inclined to glorify. The alluring features of war are kept constantly in mind. Literature is filled with it. The gay uniforms, the trappings, the sound of the bugles are all enticing to the novice. But the realisms of war, its savagery, its disregard for law, its barbarism, its inhumanity, are glossed over. In the present war these things are brought home with telling force.

War is an appeal to might instead of to justice. But in the long run, justice wins. Nothing is ever settled for any length of time that does not rest on the eternal principles of right. Public sentiment is more powerful than standing armies.

In the present European war there are no great moral issues at stake. It is not the uprising of down-trodden people to secure a greater measure of liberty. There are plenty of oppressed peoples in Europe, but this is not their war. Neither is it a question of the honor of nations that is at stake. There are no friends to wipe out other than those incurred in the process.

tion of hostilities; no nice questions of national affront or slight by any code which a punctilious chivalry is able to evolve.

Why then are the nations of Europe at swords points and why this bitterness, this disregard for the nicer instincts of humanity? Here are people, cousins, germane, acting in intense hostility to one another, stopping at no limit in their efforts to injure one another, calling on alien races and pagan people to take side in their family spat. Every decency has been outraged either on one side or the other, the conventions of society have been disregarded, the compacts of diplomacy have been set at naught; the integrity of men and nations have been ignored; sentiment has been ruthlessly trampled on and its treasures of art and architecture have been destroyed and battered to ruins. The student may well pause and ask why.

Consider the enormous debts that are being piled up in Europe and the sacrifice of life and property and to attribute it to a desire to gain wealth is too make of the assertion a "bull too serious for levity.

It is true the greed for territorial expansion enters in some manner into the strife but nations would not get with the rancor that characterizes this war for the mere extension of their boundary lines.

A strong factor in the bitter hostilities is pride—working through a system of militarism that has been inherited from a warlike and quarrelsome ancestry—pride of the sort that leads to destruction. It is the spirit of the fifth century as it has survived through the traditions and chronicles of military glory, now breaking out like a pest to overwhelm civilization. Just as the hordes of Attila tried to wipe out the civilization of long ago, the military spirit has broken its bounds and seeks to make all return to the chaotic condition of the earlier times.

Viewed in this light, Byron's words seem prophetic:

"Here is the moral to all human tales: 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past; First Freedom and Glory, and when that fails, Wealth, Vice, Corruption and even Barbarism at last, And History, with all its volumes vast, Hath but one page."

The Recorder is frequently called on to furnish information to distant home seekers but the request in the following communication is a little unusual and sufficiently so that we have deemed it worthy of publication. Siletz, Oregon, May 17, 1915 "Bandon Recorder:

Excuse me, don't think for a moment that I look to you as an employment agent. I am single and have been here on this one farm for near four years under one man and would like a change, would like a place that would be like home and would give good satisfaction. Will send you stamp for reply and more than that if it is any cost in your trouble, let me know in your answer.

Yours, John Post, You may see a place in town there where a person could make an honest living, write please."

For one week commencing May 27 is a week when there will be very low tide the lowest of which will be minus 1.8. We expect the Bandon beach will be thronged by curious persons studying the underwater life.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's hair, With smile that well her pain dissolves, The while beneath her drooping lash, One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles, Though heaven alone records the tear, And fate shall never know her story, Her heart has shed a drop as dear, As e'er bedewed the field of glory."

The wife who guards her husband's sword, And loaves the smothering, cheering word, What though her heart be rent asunder, Doomed rightly in her dreams to hear The bolts of death around him rattle, Hath shed no sacred blood as e'er Was poured upon the field of battle."

The mother who conceals her grief, While to her breast her son she presses, Thus braves a low fever's words and taunt, Keeping the patient from the thought, With her own hand her weary head, To know the pain that mighty word, Would but have led to his end, Had not an angel's hand of mercy, From Heaven's Kingdom held."

Grand Theatre

SPECIALS—

Look for the feature Comedy

Charlie Chaplin

The funniest Comedian in Moving Pictures, he who played the lead in that successful Comedy feature

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE

will be seen in his first two part comedy under the Essanay Brand entitled

"HIS NEW JOB"

This feature was shown in Portland for two solid weeks—Everybody was crazy to see Charlie Chaplin.

Wednesday, May 26

Its a Bear Its a Bear Its a Bear

MANY YEARS AGO. (From the Recorder, May 25, 1905.) A baby daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gross.

The Dairyville Woodmen were preparing for a big log rolling. Coquille defeated Bandon in a 12 jaming game, 2 to 1.

Alfred Morris and Geo. Button fixed a place to boom logs at the old woolen mill. They were logging east of town. Rev. J. E. Snyder, evangelist, and Mr. Jeffery his singer, closed a revival at the Presbyterian church having made about thirty converts.

The Russian-Japanese war was then in progress and Editor David E. Stitt of the Recorder commented editorially on the fact, expressing the conviction that the war was about due to end. At the town election A. D. Morse was re-elected recorder, receiving 117 votes, all that were cast for that office. The following were elected trustees—Elbert Dyer, F. A. Mehl, B. N. Harrington, R. E. L. Bedillion.

\$50,000 had been appropriated for the north jetty by Congress and Major W. C. Langfitt of the U. S. army engineers was preparing specifications. The extension was to be 515 feet. The jetty at that time was 1065 feet long. (From the Recorder May 26, 1895)

The brass band was scheduled to give an entertainment. J. E. Wyant was married to Bertha O. Perry at the home of V. N. Perry, Justice A. D. Morse officiated.

R. Philliber and Sol J. Culver were preparing to start a butcher shop in Bandon. County Superintendent Barklow was holding examinations for teachers at Myrtle Point.

The Dispatch brought a large delegation of Odd Fellows from Coquille City. Father Gibney of Marshfield was to hold services in the Catholic church Sunday.

Fred Shetter and John Flanagan of Empire were preparing to extend telephone service to Gold Beach. Two Republicans at Albany are reported to have discussed the silver question until one knocked the other down.

M. Nickman, a contractor for extending the jetty had arrived with a pile driver and a quantity of material on the Bandonville. Mrs. R. S. Howell, milliner of Portland had arrived and was about to open a store in the old postoffice building.

C. Timmer of Astoria was preparing to put up a cannery on the river to be known as the Bandon Packing company. Editor Stitt complained that some one had borrowed his volume of "American Politics" and had neglected to return it.

Charles Candler, wife and son, returned to Coos county from Grand Ronde valley and were accompanied by a number of people from Albany, Oregon who expected to locate in this vicinity.

The body of James Glen Cox was recovered from the ocean near the Government jetty at Cape Ray. The body had been in the water since March 20th but all papers had mysteriously disappeared to have been in possession of Cox when found intact upon the body. The remains were brought to Bandon and buried.

Bays & Jeffereys, contractors for building the light house, having failed, the contract was given to Perham & Smith to complete. Men were about to open up a quarry on Russell Painter's place, the intention being to ship the rock down and cut it on the ground.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES Sunday, May 30, 8:30, p. m. Baccalaureate sermon. Tuesday, June 1, 8 p. m. Class Day Exercises.

Wednesday, June 2, 8 p. m. Commencement Address. Finals in track work for the grades were pulled off on Friday afternoon.

The seniors are busy distributing and mailing invitations to commencement exercises which will take place next week. The events are:

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Geisendorfer were hosts at a very elaborately appointed dinner on Wednesday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Abbott and Miss Rodgers.

The high school faculty and students were entertained by the girls of the Domestic Science department on Thursday afternoon in Supt. Hopkin's office. Cake and sherbet were served.

The last meeting of the Schoolmaster's Club took the form of a picnic to Riverton on Saturday. As the most exciting event is probably reported in another column no details need be given.

On Wednesday afternoon the Industrial club, made up of members from the upper grades, gave a very interesting program in the high school assembly. These people expect to send exhibits to the county fair which will be held at Myrtle Point in September.

Miss Turley of O. A. C. gave a series of very interesting lectures and demonstrations in the Domestic Science kitchen on Wednesday and Thursday. The first was on vegetables, their food values and preparation for the table. The next on meats and meat substitutes and the last two on making and baking bread.

A "left over" program was given in the high school assembly room on Friday morning by those members of the various literary societies who had as yet been given no opportunity to participate in any of the programs. In justice to these unfortunates we must admit that the "stunts" were exceptionally well performed, particularly the songs by five young men of the high school: Ivan Pullen, Leslie Pullen, Errol Mc Nair, Raymond Bonham, and Edward Bell. We laughed and cried together.

WISDOM'S DISGUISE. ATHENA of the Parthenon, Thou serene by your brow, Thou much it speaks of vigil deep, And grim, scholastic vow, Athens, all your loveliness Is wrought in somber mold, Your measured grace of form and face, Is too severe and cold.

Sublime you are, but history's frieze And all the lore of years Prove Aphrodite's victories Full off have wrung your tears O queen of wisdom's wise estate, Let wisdom make you woe! The sunniest mold rules best the mind A word and gay disguise.

Athena of the Parthenon, Hold all your wit and worth, But lo! Athena's smile, Of tenderness and mirth, Gilds your brow, your crown, your hair, And bid your wisdom fade, Then bid your anger, your steady gaze, And cease your frowns, your frowns, Athena of the Parthenon.

NEW BUILDINGS

Building materials are cheaper now than they have been for 15 years. The increasing demand for building materials as well as the recent revision in the Canal Tariffs, excepting American coastwise vessels from paying tolls on deck loads of lumber, and several other important reasons, will in all probability cause increases in prices within the next 90 days.

BUILD NOW AND SAVE MONEY IS THE WARNING.

My system of management will save you from ten per cent to fifteen per cent. Why? Because only the most experienced and skillful contractors in this community are eager to figure from my plans and specifications, they know they are complete and leave no chance for a dispute with the owner, and enables them all to indulge in the keenest competition.

The owner can not have a clearer, competition without the service of an architect. FEES REASONABLE. 14 years of practical and theoretical experience.

KARL H. SCHEEL, ARCHITECT AND MANAGER OF CONSTRUCTION, DIPP & WOLVERTON'S OFFICE, Bandon Oregon